FROM WASHINGTON.

THE MAIL SERVICE FROM NEW-OR-LEANS TO NEW-YORK.

Our Own Correspondent

WASHINGTON, July 5, 1859. The manifest imperfections of the great mail connections between New York and New-Orleans, and the injury infliered upon the commercial community by constant irregularities, have induced the Post-Office Department to take the subject up with the purpose of correcting these errors and of substituting some more trustworthy service. At present there are two routes in operation, both carry-ing daily mails, and neither of them performing the service according to contract. The Atlantic line from New-York, via Washington, Mobile, &c., to New Orleans, is 1,644 miles long, and costs \$436.949 per annum. The schedule time by contract is 54 days. In the last nine months, from July 1, 1858, to March 31, 1859, only 156 mails not carried in schedule time leaving 115 which were carried in sebedule time, leaving 115 which beek from 64 to 104 days. Of 254 mais for same time from New-Orleans to Washington, only 128 were delivered in schedule time, leaving 126 which

Trequired from 54 to 124 days.

The South-Western line from New-York via Virginia, Tennessee and Mississippi to New-Or-leass, is 1,636 miles long, and costs \$358,902 per of 220 mails carried from the 1st of July, 1858, to 31st March, 1859-nine months-only 16 were de-livered in Schedule time, and but 89 in the time required by the other line, (54 days), leaving 115 which required from 6 to 15 days. Of 246 mails from New Orleans to Washington, 98 were de livered in Schedule time, (44 days.) and six in five days, (the time required by the other line), leaving 142, which took from 54 to 134 days. Under both these arrangements, it will be seen. that the commercial cities of Charleston and Sp vannah are both thrown off the main route to New

Such facts are sufficiently impressive of them-selves to demand some attention here. Gov. Brown established the South-Western Connection as he did the Overland route to California, regard less of expense, and with no small reference to personal popularity. They have both turned out failures, when measured by the standard of public benefit. It is now proposed to establish a new route as a substitute for one or the other of the existing connections up in a basis which will shorten the time, issure the service, and remove some of the material difficulties which have hitherto prevented regular and reliable communication. The suggested connection is from New-York to Charleston, Fernaudins, Cedar Key and New-Orleans. The distance is 1,611 miles and the cost \$285,269. Time four and a half days, one schedule throughout, and no remissions of fines for failures. The whole contract to be from terminus to terminus, and the Department to have no relations wit the links composing the line. By this plan the time from New-York to New Orleans would be reduced one day upon the shortest time practicable by the Atlantic route, and a day and a half on the actual average of either the Atlantic or South-Western. As between Charleston and New Or-

leans there would be a gain of a day.

The basis of this proposed connection is the regularity of the service between New-York and Charleston, and Key West and New-Orleans. Of 508 mails sent from New-York to Charleston, from July, 1858, to March 31, 1859, 484 were delivered in the schedule time, and no greater delay than a single day occurred. There were but three mails delayed I day, and 21 half a day. Between New-York and New-Orleans, on the Atlantic route, there were, for the same period, 92 of 1 day each, 17 of 2 days, 4 of 3 days, 1 of 4 days, and 1 of 5 days—in all 115. By the South-Western route, there were 89 of half a day, 54 of 1 day, 27 of a day and a half, 20 of 2 days, 8 of 24 days, 2 of 3 days, and I each of 7, 8, 9 and 10 days—in all 204. Total by both routes, 319. Under the same arrangement a weekly mail would be established be-tween Key West and Havana, instead of the semimonthly heretofore by the Issbel.

It should be stated that a part of the proposed service—that is, from New York to Rechmon 1—is common to all the routes, and from New-York to Witnington to the Atlantic, and Grand Trunk if it should be adopted. There would be very small increase in the aggregate cost, taking the subsidy beretofore paid to the Isabel into the account. The Postmaster-General will soon advertise for a through mail, with the time and security for the performance of the service.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

TURNING THE TABLES-GOLD FROM PIKE'S PEAK -OUR FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE-COAL AND CABLE-THE GREAT BAKERY.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1859. The chagrin of the President's hand-and-glove friends, officeholders and supporters here, at the Administration telling the naturalized citizens they may all go to the devil, and if agreeable when they get there, give themselves a hearty shake, is realls so great as to defy concesiment. The President's organ here, The Pennsylvanian, is owned by a foreigner, and the entire party is made up of demagogues who have for years past made the peculiar friendship and protection of foreigners the staple of every harangue, whether in the street or grogshop. Republicans and Americans have been lugged in as cruelly hostile, and every sin of persecution heaped upon them. The underground Know Nothing conclaves have been rich topics for defamation, and, when worn quite threadbare, were very opportunely succeeded by the Massachu actta provision of two years residence after naturalization before voting. This work, undoubtedly the act of the Sham Democracy itself, was fathered on the Republicans with strong hopes of its being good grist for the party mill. But the recent and more sweeping anathems of General Cass has taken the wind out of their sails, and struck the party demagogues dumb. When reproached for this treachery by those who have done their voting, they have no answer to make, and curses loud and deare showered on them from all quarters. The capital gained by the Massachusetts enactment is all sunk. The adopted citizens see the cheat that has been practiced on them, and are sturdy in their de termination to revenge it. They are meeting in private on the subject, and establishing correspondsuce with their friends throughout the country This repudintion of them is truly a sowing of the wind, to be followed by a reaping of the whirlwind.

The growling of the tempest is already reaching us from various quarters. The Charleston Con vestion may add a plank to its rotten platform de signed to soothe this exasperated feeling, out it is too late, it is known to be a sham, and will not heal the breach. To the surprise of the foreigners, the Republicans and Americans openly deny the dictum of the Administration, and find friends where the Sham Democracy taught them they had only ene-mies. Altogether it is the most fatal blunder this corrupt party bas yet made, and almost puts the corrupt party has yet made, and almost puts the finishing stroke to their aspirations. They are fully aware of this. To their additional consternation, Mr. Douglas denounces the doctrine and defends the foreign citizens. He could do no less, seeing he would thus get the Administration on the hip.
But he knows the population of Illinois contains
a powerful German and Irish infusion, which he
could not afford to repudiate. If ever a device returned to plague its inventors, this last card of General Cass certainly will. I see and hear daily evidences of the fact.

Specimens of gold from Pike's Peak have begun to show themselves here as remittances from the West. They come in packages as small as an empty friction match box, and sometimes in halfemply friction match box, and sometimes in nat-pint bottles. Most of the gold is very small, not larger than buck shot, though there are some nug-gets as large as a medium-sized peanut. One sam-ble that I saw came direct from the mines to the friend's brother in this city, accompanied by a friend's brother in this city, accompanied by a letter giving full particulars of the condition of the prices. The account confirms the things at the mines. The account confirms the

sames and places of some almost incredible diggings, repeats the warnings of Mr. Greeky's cau-tien, and view none to go there who can possibly live where they are. But the samples referred to as having reached here, though the best was worth as having reached here, though the best was worth only \$300, have been pretty extensively shown about among impressible young men, some of whom regard the gold but despise the caution, and will doubtless bundle up and move off to the new fool's paradise, and will reach there just as Winter is setting in. The fact is, that if there were not so many newspapers there would not be so many fucia-that is, if these gold facts were not so seized on by the press and made sensation items of, the foolish element in our population could not be so extensively developed, latent though it always be, whether there are newspapers or not. Yet between the dilemma of having plenty of fools with plenty of papers, and no fools without them, it is humbly submitted that for once at least the fools are quite upobjectionable.

That admirable institution, the Female College of Pennsylvania has publicly appealed to the community for pecuniary aid and comfort. All know the object of the College is to teach woman to know herself, to give her a thorough medical education to provide for the sick of her own sex a female physician and nurse, and by enlarging the arcle of female employment to enable her to support her self. So far, the institution has fulfilled all its promises. It has turned out on the community no queck pretenders, because the requirements of can-didates for graduation are in all respects as high as those of the best medical schools in this country. The faculty aim to raise, not to lower, the standard of medical attainment. It is their constant desire to be able to add to the moral, scientific, and intel to be able to add to the moral, eccenture, and received dignity of the profession. They regard the medical education of woman as a necessity of the age, and a way-mark in the advancement of civilization. They find the demand for female physical distributions of the second se cians wide spread and increasing, and regard the sudy and practice of medicine as peculiarly ad-pted to the nice perceptions of woman, and the tender-ness and refined graces of her nature. It is well known that there is a vast amount of suffering among women, which is left without relief from the shrinking delicacy of its victims, and it is therefore a demand of humanity that woman should be edu cated to the knowledge of administering to the requirements of cases where the male practice is never allowed to prescribe. This is the tenth annual announces ent of this excellent institution. It was founded and is now presided over by names conspicuous in the cause of human progress.

The coal dealers have refused to make any further reduction in price. They say they are not making snything out of the business, and that making anything rather than go any lower they will quit mining alto-gether. The present stagnation has produced great distress in some quarters. It is melancholy to witness the less and ruin which a bad Government has fastened on two such immense interests as are at stake in our coal mines and railroads.

Stake in our coal mines and railroads.

Not a year ago the country was convulsed with excitement at the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. Your own columns will remain a perpetual record that we were thereupon converted into a nation of tools. The surplus portion of the great with herma suddenly as accounts in the area. wire became suddenly as precious in the eyes of the aforesaid nation, as the rope with which a mur-derer has been strangled does in the estimation of a mob of London brutes. They made pocket-pieces of it at half a dollar each, and breastpins at a dollar, which fast young men and women estentatiously paraded on their bosoms. The folly was so imparaded on their bosoms. The lony was so immense that shrewd men made money by feeding it, though when one thinks of it, does not some national folly, just as puerile as this, lie at the foundation of half the fortunes that are piled up among Well, the end of the infatuation has ao It seems that the surplus coil was too great to be shuffled off even in this way at a dollar an inch, and last week a long stretch of it, instead of figuring on ladies' bosoms, was quietly laid in the mud beneath the bosom of the Delaware, between Camden and Philadelphia. What an illustration Camden and Philadelphia. of the art of sinking this is!

FROM BOSTON.

From an Occasional Correspondent. Boston, July 1, 1859.

Can you tell me whether there be such a thing under the sun as a new joke? Upon my soul, I so often meet my oldest acquaintances going about masquerading that I have come to doubt as to the originality of all good things, except my own. Now, the other day I opened casually the "Editor's Drawer" of Harper's Magazine, and there I found this nugget, marked "California," and certified by the editor as "very rich:"

"One of our poets, a remarkably cadaverous-looking man, recited a poem descriptive of a c in which the following couplet occurred;

'The redbreast, with a furtive glance, Comes and looks at me askance.' Upon which a wag exclaimed, 'Gad, if it had been a a remark so humorous and unexpected that it was received with a unanimous shout of laughter."

Now, well as I am aware of the constitutional proclivity of that journal to chronic piracy, I should think it might have taken the pains to disguise its kidnapped jokes a little more before undertaking to pass them off as native born. The joke was a good one; but it was made by the late Lord Dudley on Rogers, "the bard, the beau, the banker," whose lines, slightly damaged, are the ones quoted. I advise the editor to use next month the other mot of the same eccentric nebleman, apropos to the cadaverous looks of the poet; "Why, Rogers, now that you have made your fortune and can we afford it, I worder you don't set up your hearse! Rogers, however, bad his revenge on Lord Dudley
—when he was Mr. Ward, before his father's death—for these quips, and for his review of his Vision of Columbus, in The Quarterly Review, by the famous epigram which he composed, as he admitted, with some little assistance from Conversa-

ition Sharpe:

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;

He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it."

It used to be attributed to Byron, but Rogers

And "in this connection," as Mr. Everett says (and a many after bim), I would here express my gratitude to Lord Dudley for a phrase which i have occasion to use almost every day of my life He was a man of fine literary taste and a great lover of reading, and used to say that he consider ed the happiest human condition would be to have an income of £1,500, and a lodging over a bookseller's shop—his own income being £88,000—but he hated new books, a particular in which I have the honor to resemble him. Accordingly, when he was asked whether he had read such and such a book just published, he would reply "No, not yet. I shall wait a little. Perhops it will blow over!" How many books I have known to "blow over," by just waiting a little while!
Again, in the last Atlantic Monthly, in the clever

article on Thomas Paine, the writer says, that Paine resembled the French lady, who naïvely said to Dr. Franklin, "Je ne trouve que moi qui cie "toujours raison!" "I find no one but myself "that is always right." Now, was there a French lady who said this to Dr. Franklin? I dare say there was, if the Doctor says so, but if so, she stole her mot from the memoires of Madame de Staal Now don't let your compositors go and correct my spelling and make my authority Madame de Staël, on the mistaken notion that she was

" Necker's fair daughter, Stall the Episene."

for it was a totally different person, Mademoiselle de Launsy, first the lady's muid, and atterward the friend of the Duchesse du Maine, the daughter-in-law of Louis XIV., and granddaughter of the great Condé. In her memoires, published after her death, in 1750, she attributes this saying to the Duchesse de la Ferté. And, by the way, you did us honor over much two or three weeks ago, in a editorial, in laying the venue of the epigram, on its mattering not

If Mossop whip Barry, or Barry v

in Boston. It was written not of the manager of the Boston Theater, Mr. Thomas Barry, but of Spranger Barry, the rival of Garrick, a hundred years ago, and of Henry Mossop, the rival of Barry, as any one may see by turning to Churchill's Basersed.

I was diverted the other day by meeting with the

very first joke I ever made acquaintence with walk ing about with a cocked hat on its bood and a gold-headed case in its hand—such as Walter Scott used to give to the stories he hidnapped from his neighbors. I think it was the very first unexpected appropriagnation of dissimilar ideas that ever gianced upon my fancy—for I remember it had to be explained to me before I took the joke. The Old Farmers' Almsnack used to have and very likely has still, a relect quantity of very slender jests at the end of it; but which we used to look forward to at school, where, after the strictest sect of our to at school, where, after the strictest sect of our religion, I was brought up, at Andover, from year to year, as the best of the kind we could get. There could scarcely be a more mouraful proof of the jejunity of our intellectual fire. This jest was concentrated into these three lines-space being an concentrated into these three lines—space being an object with the Sage of the Almanack: "A ledy "asking a sailor the reason why a stip was called "she, he answered, because the rigging is worth "more than the hull." Within a mouth or so I met this ea ly friend, as good as new, taking the air in one of your city papers, I forget which, dressed out after this fashion: "The other day, as one of our after this fashion: "The other day, as one of our "first merchants was visiting one of his magnificent ships, just returned from lodia, he jocos-ly asked of be could tell him the reason why a ship was always of the feminine gender. Jack reflected a moment, and then turning his quid in his cheek and hitching up his trousers, replied, 'I don't know, your honor, unless it be that the rigging is worth more than the hull!" I stand by the original nal edition. The eminent hand who adapted it to the present time, half-spoilt it by making the interr a man instead of a woman. And this puts me in mind of the first joke I ever

made myself, or the first that is on record. Shall I repeat it? It would be too great a violence to my natural modesty, if it had not been made -well, matter how many years ago, but I wasn't more than ten years old. It is still extant in a sprawling school-boy hand in a letter to my mother. I was which was the expture of a young alligator in the woods at Andover, not far from the school. Then followed the explanations of this phenomenon by different persons, the most probable of which was that it had escaped from some traveling showman I, however, discented from all the theories advanced, and set up my own, that the stranger was on his way to join the Theological Seminars, or Mill for making Ministers, as the proface used to call it, close by the school, because his face was so long and his back was so stiff! I think that was very well for a beginning. Indeed, I don't believe ild do any better now.

This letter does not contain a great deal of news or what a schoolmaster would consider useful infor-mation; but you must consider that it is a very unnewsable season of the year—a very dry time, for all the rain we have had. We have had only a couple of rows to speak of, one over the brass body of Mr. Webster, the Defender of the Constitution, and the other over the flesh and blood one of Mr. Heenan, the Benicia Boy. The committee having in charge the Molten Image really had not brass enough in their compositions to consent to the setting up of such a caricature of the comely and portly Mr. Webster when it came to the point, and the majority at the first general meeting disallowed the proceedings of the sub-committee in proposing to erect it in the State-House yard. And this, in spite of Mr. Everett's naving ceased, for a season, his missionary effort for Mr. Washington, and coming to the rescue with a speech proving that it was more like Mr. Webster than he was himself, and an amazing fine work of art into the bargain. But since then they have been round feeling of the com-mitteemen to see which of them are seft, and it is said that enough tave been found so, to give in. The other scrimmage was in consequence of some disappointment of our scientific men about a practical exeresis on the principles of the Noble Science by Mr. Heenan. He was fallen upon by a crowd of ruffians, supposed to be partisans of the great Morrissey, and finally knocked down and seriously wounded, after doing all one man could in self-de-fense. The result of the two rows, you will ob-serve, was painfully opposite—for the Benicia Boy came down while the New-Hampshire Boy will probably go up. So different is the fate of great

Not knowing what might happen, I took oc lately to ask a learned magistrate, who is a judge in art as well as in law, whether it would not be well to charge the Grand Jury that this statue, when erected, was a public nuissnee, and as such, a thing to be abated by any body. He did not reem to think that the evil could be best reached in this way; but was clear that no indictment could hold for any injury done to it, it being a thing which could not be defaced! And talking of Judges puts me in mind that the rew Superior Court erected on the ruins of the Common Pless, goe into effect about this time. You must know that we have great respect for the permanency of the judicial office in this State, and utterly abhor your elective system; but we abolish a Court every now and then and turn the Judges adrift. We never throw a Judge overboard, you understand, excepting in the case of a Jonah, like Judge Loring, and scuttle the ship and let them all go down together. I will end this paragraph about Judges, and with this letter, by a fact illustrative of the extreme berslity our Courts show on the admission of evidence. An officer not long since approached the Judge on the bench in the Police Court and said, Your Honor, here's a gentleman who says he is a nephew of President Buchanan, who wishes to "make a complaint." "Certainly," replied the Judge, "let him sign his complaint, by all means. He may be an honest man, notwithstanding."

BYLES.

BEDFORD SPRINGS AND THE POLITI-CIANS WHO CONGREGATE THERE.

respondence of The N. Y. Tribune. BEDFORD SPRINGS, June 29, 1859.

The newspapers have already announced that our venerable Chief Magistrate will soon pay his accustomed visit to his favorite summer resort, the Bedford Springs. Mr. Buchanan has visited these Springs every season that he has been in the country for thirty years, and as they may become asso. ciated hereafter in the history of the Great Man, it is important that the world should know something about them, and the attractions which they present. The great beauty and variety of the sce nery in the neighborhood, of which the eye never wearies, the pure, health-inspiring air that floats down from the cool summits of the Alleghanies, and the rare medicinal qualities of the mineral wa-ter, certainly justify the partiality of the President, but they by no means constitute their only charm

Mr. Buchavan does not come here to escape from official and political cares, or in the hope of renewing his youth by drinking the water. He is not the man to indulge in any such sentime talism. His time is as fully employed here with politics and politicians as if he were in Washington; and, as to drinking the water, has not his friend Wm. Montgomery of this State long ago informed the world that the President of the United States drinks nothg but "old Monongahels whisky!" The White cuse is a solitude, compared with the scene of gayety and animation which is presented here uring the Summer months, and no one who sight or a quiet rural retrest, for removed from mirth, festivity, fashion and politics, will ever select the Bedford Springs.

This is the great resort of the politicians of the State, and here Mr. Buchanan has been in the habit of meeting them for many years. Here the con-spiracy to make him President was devised and set on foot by a few adroit politicians, who hoped through him to secure power and position for themselves. Though baffled often, and sternly re-sisted in many parts of the State (for Buchanan tever was popular in Pennsylvania), they met at the Springs year after year, renewed their efforts. made new combinations, and at last succeeded. But, few of the original actors in this conspiracy to elevate mediocrity to the highest place in th nation, merely to advance their own selfish pur-poses, participated in the final triumph. Poetical ustice has been meted out to pearly all of them. ome are long since dead, others have dropped qui etly into obscurity, and a few exist as sad w to the rising generation of the proverbial precarithat trust which is reposed in "politi-Wm. Hepkins of Washington County, cianers." Wm. Hepkins of Washington County, one of the ablest of the consuirators, has two

or three sons fastened on the public treasury.

Another of them, Arnoid Plumer of Yenango, will
be remembered as the gentleman whom Mr. Buchanan was so anxious to make Postmaster General, but was prevented from doing so by the threats and appeals of the friends of Gen. Packet, who was then a cand date for Governor. The friends of Packer justly feared that so unpopular an appointment would endanger his election; but, in thwarting the wishes of the President, they opened a breach between our State and national Administrations which has finally resulted in undis-guised warfare. Mr. Plumer, failing to obtain a seat in the Cabicet, has, nevertheless, secured places for his entire family of nephews and cousins, down to the remotest degree of Scotch affinity. The Government is taking care of any number of

Dowbs" for him. At these springs began the association of Bowman, Black and Buchanan, the triumvirate which now presides (in the language of Gen. Pierce) over the destinies of this great republic; but as this in-timacy forms such a pleasant chapter in the life of the President, I will defer it for another letter, in order to do full justice to the subject. I started out to tell you about the political and natural history of the springs, and I will have to put that off, too. But if any one should be in doubt as to the best means of getting here, he has only to take the Pennsylvania Railroad care from Philadelphia to Hantington where they cannot with the Pennsylvania. Huntingdon, where they connect with the Broad-tep Railroad, which takes him within less than four hours' drive of Bedford Springs, by plankroad and turnpike. Many persons in New-York prefer the route to Easton and Reading, and thence by the Lebanon Valley Railroad to Harrisburg. By this route he will avoid the inconvenience and delay of changing cars at Philadelpaia, and of crossing

the Delaware boat.

The President, who seems to dislike to travel through the interior of Pennsylvania, takes the Baltimore and Ohio Ra Irond to Cumberland, and thence across the country thirty miles to the springs. But I would advise no one to imitate him in this particular, as the read is very rough and the fare to better. Mr. Buchanao has, no doubt, 4 private reason for avoiding the interior of his native state, which is creditable to his patriotism and bumanity. The sad evidences of the destructive free trade policy of his party which would greet him every where on his route, could not fail to deeply would his tender sensibilities, especially when he would call to mind the numerous pledges made to a credulous people only to be broken. On all sides the sight of dismantled and deserted factories, of furnaces out of blast, of rolling mills and forges made s lent, of an industrious and honest population thrown out of employment, would not have a tendency to stir up in the breast of the statesman the sweetest reflections. He, therefore, takes his way through Mary land.

THE BALLOON VOYAGE.

MR. GAGER'S STATEMENT.

The Troy Times of July 5 contains a statement from Mr. O. A. Gager, one of the aeronants of the 'Atlantic," from which we extract two paragraphs which contain facts additional to those embraced in Mr. Wise's account, published yesterday:

Mr. Wise's account, published yesterday:

The principal feature which the voyagers observed during the night was the prevalence about, above and under them, of a remarkable phosphorescent light, which seemed to invest everything, and give it a peculiar appearance. It made the balloon look like a globe of fire, seen through ofted paper, as Wise described it. It was easy to tell the woods from the open country by It was easy to tell the woods from the open cout the belts of black lines which they indicated; the belts of black mes which they indicated; and on crossing a body of water, it seemed as though the voyagers were passing between two sheets of flame of a meliow color, which lighted them up, and gave to their countenances and to the objects immediately surrounding them a preniar bue. This phenomenon was as agreeable to these who witnessed it as it was remarkable.

bie.

In a few seconda more, the balloon went down with a full sweep upon the lake (Ontario), notwithstanding Wise had thrown out a heavy valies, an express mail beg, and the remaining provisions. The waters were surging and be ling a wfully, the waves running from twelve to fifteen feet high, and moaning as if for the impending doom of the aeronants. The shock was a dreadful one. It stove in one side of the boat, and jerked La Moustain so that his hat fell into the water. "For God's sake, John, are you out?" shouted Wise over the basket. "Don't trouble yourrelves about me, gentlemen," was the response. "I'm all right, and I'm going to take you serviss safe yet." And over went the propeller fan, lifting the balloon a few feet above the water.

went the propeller ian, inting the bahoon a lew leet above the water.

The voyagers now began to question how they would be killed. Wise said he was resigned; Gager was willing to go but fur his poor wife; Hyde was prepared, but would rather die on land than on water; La Mount, ain insisted that nobody was going to be killed, as he would land them all safe. A moment after, the propeller Young America was signaled and asked to lie to, but before she could do so she was a mile astern. Wise new proposed to descend, swamp the boat, and trust to the chance of being picked up. This La Mountain peremptorily refused to do, declaring that such a movement would be certain death for all. By turning up the planks from the bottom of the boat, and throwing off his heaviest clothing, he kept the balloon affoat, urtil, at about 1:30, the shore was struck, in a piece of ing off his neavest cooling, is a struck, in a piece of urtil, at about 1:30, the shore was struck, in a piece of woods in the town of Henderson. Instantly the anchor was thrown out. It first caught a tree an inch in diameter. was thrown cut. It first caught a tree an inch in diameter, but broke it off like a pipe-stem—the balloon surging on with a power equal to that of two or three lecomotives. Next, the anchor caught in a larger tree, and the prongs, which were of an inch and a quarter fron, were broken squarely off. Mr. La Mountain might at this moment have cut loose the boat, landing himself and leaving his companions to their fate; but instead of doing so, he clambered into the basket, determined to share with them their perils. Overcome by admiration, Mr. Wise sprang up, exclaiming, "By God, John, you are a hero. If I can come out alive, you shall have a gold medal, and the credit of saving us all." At this moment, the balloon, which was us all." At this moment, the balloon, which was whirling over the trees—the voyagers clinging to the whiting over the tree hanging heat downward struct a main branch of a monstrous oak, head on. Away went balloon, car and limb, a hundred feet in the air and down again with a fearful plunge, leaving all sus-pended in the air, alive and safe, the balloon torn from top to bottom, but the only passenger injured being the bero of the voyage, Mr. La Mountain, who was badly bruised in the side.

Correspondence of The St. Louis Republican.

GREAT SALT LARE CITY, June 10, 1859.

Since the adjournment of Court at Provo, Judge Cradlebaugh has traveled south through his district as far as the Sauta Clara—350 miles from here—visiting the scene of the Mountain Meadows, &c. He says that he did not ree a bishop, a bishop's counselor, or president on the roote, although particular to inquire for them, and reports all have been non est comations, except the Bishop of Spanish Fork, a Danish settlement some twelve miles south of Provo.

The Judge took affidavits, and issued warrants for about sixty persons—forty in the massacre of the Mountain Meadows, ten in the murder of the Aikens and others, making in all from eighty to one hundred persons that he had issued for. He reports that more than eighty white men were engaged in the massacre of the Mountain Meadows; that after reaching

more than eighty white men were engaged in the mas-sere of the Mountain Meadows; that after reaching Pariwan—eighty miles this side of the Santa Clara— at almost every camp the herders and soldiers gather-

rainwan—twenty camp the herders and soldiers gathering wood would come across skeletons, some indicating that they had been killed last Fall and Winter by their condition—no doubt teamsters and discharged soldiers wending their way to California, most of whom no doubt have been killed by the Indians.

Attrocities too horrible to be related, and which seemed to shock the brute savages themselves, are related by persons who claim to have been compelled to join in that massacre. The number of persons in the train was about one hundred and forty. The property conditionated amounting from \$60,000 to \$80,000, counting 700 cattle, horses and mules, some very fine stock, and forty wagons and carriages.

The last mail brought instructions to both Gov. Cumming and Gen Johnston, the tenor of which is to place the military, for civil purposes, entirely at the disposal of the Governor.

RAILEOAD DISASTERS,—The Springfield Republi-can says that, in consequence of the bursting of Waced-er & Chenery's reservoir, one hundred feet of the track of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad in

track of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad in West Orange was swept away. The damage must amount to several thousand dolars. The heavy stonework of the railroad culvet was carried entirely across Miller's River by the rushing waters.

The bridge on the line of the Vermont Central Railroad over White River, near Woodstock, was destroyed by fire on Friday night. It was 500 to 600 feet in length, and the loss is at least \$15,000. There was an insurance of \$10,000 upon the structure. On Saturday the passet gers and freight were carried across the river on rafts, and it will take two or three weeks to repair the damage. The fire was probably caused by sparks from a locomotive.

A respectable white domestic, living in a family in

A respectable white domestic, living in a family in Oxford, Pa., eloped a few days ago with a mulatto who was employed on the farm as a laborer.

LOBSTERS.

June is the mosth of roses, of strawberries, of late frosts, of early peac, of moralight nights, of gardening, of sapricions abowers, of young ducks, of all sorts of spreating things, of lemb, of love-making, and of lobster. From tale variety of seasonable themes we seleet the latter, the poets baving pretty theraughly used up all the others, while the lively lobster remains unhonored and unsung. Stay, there is one bard who has not disdained to exercise his genius on the subject of lebster; who has risen above all popular prejudice, and regarded lob-ter with an admiring eye as a subject worth y his mightiest effort. This daring poet discourseth as follows:

"The lobster in the lobster-pet,
The lobster in the lobster-pet,
The lobster in the lobster-pet,
The lobster in the lobster-pet,
They suffer some, but they can't compare
With what I suffers for you, Mary Ann.
Chorus.
O fare you well for a while;
The any is wary and the wind is file.
And I am off for the sea, Mary Ann."

On the whole, this seems to have more reference to Mary Aun than to lobster, for though we have care fully pera-ed the rest of this charming epic, we find no further reference to the subject of our present story, the mind of the minstrel being chiefly exercised on the subject of Mary Ann, and his energies being bent on the perpetual reproduction of the valedictory seagoing chorus above printed. The Ledger having recently cleared up all coubts as to the authorship of the "Lines to Mary Ann," we deem that the fortunate bard has achieved fame enough without the mention of his name in our humble columns; it is but fair to state, however, that the above stanza was not published in The Ledger version of his great work, but has been rescued from oblivion by virtue of the tollful research of our own staff. We trust that this act of volunteer justice may be placed to the credit side of

our account with our cotemporary.

But to return to our many-legged friend, the lobster. The proof that the world at large take a much greater interest in his fate than their ungrateful posts, hes in our knowledge of the fact that on Saturday, the 18th of June present, there were sold at Fulton Market the enormous number of 35,000 lobsters. Think of 35,000 devoted men marching home to their rejoicing families each wich an unctuous lobster for a Sunday salad. And when we reflect that of that immense army of crustacean-devouring sinners, not more than one in a bundred knows more of his lobster-friend than his capability for gastronomic delectation, we are incited to pen this article. Attention, ye 35,000 of June 18, and all other thousands who at stated times and seasons make merry over our friend, the lobster, his cold corpus, list ye to our biographical sketch of the beloved deceased, and learn something of his life and

Webster says that the word "lobster" comes from the Saxon, and that the first syllable means, in that sweet language, a spider, also a fles. Now, as we had rather not look upon our favorite as a huge spider, and prefer not regarding him in the light of a gigantic flea, we think, on the whole, we will postpone further etymological research for the present. The following is the scientific description of the lobster: "A crustaceous fish, or shell-fish, black before being boiled, and red after." It will be observed that the man of science speaks of the said shell fish as if his only earthly fate was to be boiled; we suppose the man of science is right on this occasion, for we never heard of anybedy eating a fried lobeter, nor yet a raw one, nor yet a lobster stewed, roasted or in the shell. And yet why shouldn't a lobster roasted in his overcoat furnish as toothsome a morsel as a clam that has undergone that purification by fire, and why shouldn't a lobster stew be palatable?

The lobsters that come to the New-York market are caught along the Atlantic coast, and the shores of the Bay of Fundy, all the way from Hell Gate to Nova-Scotia. The very best are the large, lively blue-shelled gentlemen that are captured off Cape Cod, and few are caught nearer than that point, and comparatively few are brought here from a more remote distance than the Coast of Maine. The Nova-Scotia lobsters, though smaller than their brethren, the juicy martyrs of New-England, are reputed excellent. In fact, he who imagines that large size in a lobster is a guaranty of superior flavor makes a sad mistake: the very largest are by no means the best; the small and medium sized ones, ranging from one to four pounds in weight, are, when fat, the most delicate and delectable, though a 28-pounder has been seen in Fulton Market, and was reputed good.

This present month of June is the most favorable for the lobster fisheries, and is the month in which the most are caught. The fish fall victims to their own greediness, being enticed into nets by various tempting baits, and then, when entangled in the meshes by their multitudinous claws and legs, they are incontinently hauled up to the surface, where they receive a personal introduction to the fisher, and are henceforth the subject of his tender and attentive care. The fishers run out a short distance from the shore, in small boats, over those parts of the feedinggrounds that are not in too deep water, and there letting down their nets to the bottom, baited with pieces of fish, they await the coming of the doomed crustacean, who presently comes-generally tail first, for he runs fastest that way-seeking what he may devour, and blunders into the trap set for him, like a sense less old know-nothing as he is. When the fishers get their boats loaded they run to the shore and deposit their victims in "pounds," to await the coming of the lobster-smacks. These "pounds" are sunken boxes with latticed bottoms, so contrived that when submerged in the sea the supply of water is con stantly renewed, free ingress and egress being permitted to old Ocean. One boat, managed by two or three men, is capable of taking care of forty or fifty of these nets or "pots." In the pounds the lobsters are kept until they are sold to the owners of the smacks, who run them from the fishing grounds to the market. There are thirty lobster-smacks in the business from this port. Each vessel makes about fifteen trips a year from the fishing place to the city, bringing each ime about 3,000 lobsters, which is a fair average load. This gives an aggregate of near a million and a half of lobsters that go to pot every year in this single city. Not that they are all devoured here-by no means; tens of thousands are sent hence all over the country, wherever lobster lovers vegetate.

Though our crustacean restricts himself to a fish diet, he is not very particular as to his dinner-all h fish that comes to his net. He cats all sorts of fish that he can pick up, and is a gentleman too of decided cannibalic propensities, for he freely eats up such smaller and weaker lobsters as are not agile enough to keep out of his way or strong enough to make a good fight against him. As he is a very pugnacious animal, always on the lookout for a fight t naturally follows that lobstereide is a peccadillo of frequent repetition among the shelly community. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who in a sermon recently suggested that if a man were compelled to eat all he killed, there would be an end of war and murder, may learn a lesson from lobsters. They eat all they kill, and does it make them any the less destructive? On the contrary, they rather like it. Lobsters have such a loose conformation as to legs and claws, and are so insensible to their loss, that they pull them off on occasion with as little hesitation as a man would cut his toe-nails. If two gentlemen lobsters get into a personal difficulty any fine morning before breakfast, and one gentleman lobster carries decidedly too many guns for the other gentleman lobster, the gentleman obster who is getting the worst of the conflict coolly jerks off the claw or feeler to which his adversary has astened his relentless grip, and scuttles off to safer quarters, leaving his fee to make his morning meal on the fragments of which he has dismembered himself. If this pleasant custom were introduced among the human population, it would stand every weak man in hand to stay at home in the morning till he was quite certain that all his neighbors had got their bellies full. If a bungry ruffian might walk into the street, pick a quarrel with the first clean human he encountered, and cut off an arm or a leg for his

breakfast, who would be safe! Not the Rev. 15 Beecher certainly, who is fat and in fine and who wouldn't therefore have a leg left to stee on after the second morning, and who would pro-bly, on secount of his superior flavor, be carved entirely into rowdy meat in less than a week.

Labsters suffer from no known diseases, and are good at spawning-time, so that they are never out a searon—when you can get them. Gentle reader, you need have no hygienic scruples on the subject of lob. ster; be sure be's fresh, then go de d. The only care is to have him cooked enough; a half-boiled lob. ster is a dangerous thing; cook long, or taste not.

Many of the cainty beauties are lost after they are fairly caught, from contact with fresh water, and from bot weather. The so acks in which they are brought from the fishing grounds to this city are constructed like the pounds before spoken of; that is, that part of the vessel in which the fish are stored is open to admit the water; when then, the lobsters that have been accustomed for a life-time to unadulterated sea-brine, are brought into the waters of the New-York Bay, which is sadly deteriorated for lobster-preserving purposes, by the constant tide of fresh water that is poured thereinto by the mighty Hudson, many of them die. If a smack-load is not sold immediately a its arrival here, the mortality from this cause sometimes reaches a formidable percentage. From Be-cember to March but few lobsters can be bad, and then command higher prices, as they all run to deep water at that season for reasons best known to themselves. They are also frequently driven of there to the calmer deeps of mid-ocean by rough weather, as they have serious objections to being shaken before taken. A variety of this fish now found in the North River, having been educated from early youth to endure with equasimity the admixture of fresh water with their native element, don't mind it, There are but few of these, however, as the constant up-kicking of the waters by the steamboats is an evil that not many of them can be patient under. Time was, before Robert Fulton and the rest disturbed the tide with their inventions, that the lobster fishery in the North River was an immense business, the fishy game being so plentiful that a single man could take cometimes 500 weight a day, and these were considdered the best in the market, but for the past few years this fishery has been entirely abandoned.

As seen as they are caught the claws of each one are fastened with a pine plug, cedar and some other wood being poisenous to the lobster, to keep them from indulging in their amiable propensity for fighting and devouring each other. When a lobster loses a limb, it puts him to only temporary inconvenience, as it speedily grows again, and they are frequently seen with one buge formidable claw, and the other a mere tiny sprout. No crustacean missionary having ever taught them that those little hands were never made to tear each other eyes, no sconer do the little hands get big enough for battle than at it they go again.

They breed in June and July, but remain fat during this process. The eggs after being expelled from the body of the female, to the number of many thousands to each Individual, remain in a compact mass on the under part of her body until they hatch. As soon as the infant lobster is fairly out of the shell he makes off to shift for himself, and the relation of parent and child ceases—the only care the child has for the parent after that, being to keep out of that parent's way for fear of consequences, as the said parents have an affectionate way of lunching on their

tender offspring.

They shed their entire shells once every year. After the animal leaves his shell he instantapeously increases in size about one-third, so that it seems a wonder how the shell could have contained it so long; the empty shell instantly resumes its form and looks as though it might still be a living animal. They fatten remarkably fast when they find plenty of suitable food. They are sometimes fed while in the pounds, though they seem to thrive as well without, for the few days they remain therein before they are sold. These pounds or "cars" to which they are sometimes transferred from the fishing-smacks to wait for a market, are the resort of myriads of cels, which come there to steal the eggs from the female lobsters. The eels meet their due reward for this ungaliant act, by falling victims to the boys, who catch hundreds of them, skin them alive till they get used to it, and sell them to the fish-dealers.

Fulton Market is the great headquarters of the

trade; from thence thousands of lobsters are shipped every day all over the country. Many of them are cooked before being sent away, and this is the best place to procure fresh-cooked lobsters, with a certainty of their being wholesome. The principal dealers are very busy at this time in putting up orders for Fourth of July celebrations in the country. Apy one of the eight or nine wholesale dealers in Fulton Market sells from 3,000 to 5,000 per day during the present month. The lobsters cost from three to five cents each on the fishing-ground—the cost of transportation thence to New-York is perhaps half as much more; they are sold here to retail customers at 6 cents per pound, and at wholesale at about \$3 per hundred weight. They are economical food to purchase, about five-sevenths in weight of the entire fish being solid meat, and fat. The whole lobster is good to est, save the craw or crop, which lies exactly between the eyes. The "lady" of the lobster is the bone or bones that form the craw. There is a popular belief that this part of the fish is poisonous; this is a mistake; the craw of a lobster is no more poisonous than the craw of a chicken; neither would be delicate food, but then neither would send the partaker thereof to an untime-

Select your lobster with care-a fat one, wide awake and vicious; pay for him; put him into a pot of water that is furiously boiling; cook him for at least half an hour, until he blushes bright scarlet with the delicate attention; ecol him thoroughly; shuck him, and deyour him with such condiments and accompanie as please you, but don't est him for at least two hours before you go to bed, for lobster has a friend who sometimes terribly avenges his sepulture, and the same of that friend is Night-Mare.

Mexico .- Dispatches received at the State Department from Mr. McLane, express great indignation at the seizure of the conducts of specie by Robles. Mr. McLane had laid the project of a treaty before Juarez, but had received no answer when the Tesnessee sailed. It proposes to give Mexico material aid, both in men and money, in return for certain commercial advantages to our citizens, and a right of way through Sonora to some port in the gulf of California. No cession of territory is demanded, as the Constitut on prohibits the President of Mexico from

selling the public domain.

Mr. McLane has declined to sign a full treaty, but after having ascertaised the intentions of the Juarez Government, will submit the propositions agreed upon

to the Cabinet at Washington.

A movement was on foot in the City of Mexico, on the part of British subjects, to petition for the recall of the British Minister, his course being severely condemned by his countrymen reciding in Mexico.

ANOTHER ARMY "Jos."-The details of another Utah army contract have come to light. A short time since the firm of Gilbert, Gerrish & Martin, of Salt Lake, offered to furnish the Government with flour for the year, delivered in Utah, at \$10 per 100 pounds. This offer was rejected, but a contract was made directly afterward with Holliday to furnish the

same amount at \$28 60 per 100 pounds.

The Cholera.—We regret to learn, by our advices from India brought by the last mail, that cholera has made its appearance in the Calcutta river. It appears that the Pomona, Benson, which cleared at Calcutta with troops on the 27th of April, and proceeded to see, had the cholera raging on board, and that 17 deaths, viz, 15 of the troops and two of the crew, occurred within four days before the pilot left her. The Pomona left with 329 persons on board, including drafts of her Majesty's 84th and 32d Foot, and 2d battalion of Military Train, nine women and 14 children, under command of Major Edmiston of her Majesty's 32d Regiment.

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